

WORLD OF

Monthly No. 8 30p

HORROR

**AN ANTHOLOGY OF
THE MACABRE
FROM FILMS
& FICTION**

Karloff
Lon
Chaney Jr.
More
Dr. Who
Monsters
Reviews:
New Films
& Books



So you think you know the horror scene. Let's see if you can identify the following fearsome five.

WORLD OF HORROR QUIZ TIME



B



C



D



A



E

Answers are on page 63.

Scoring:

- 5 correct Monster master
- 4 correct Creature Count
- 3 correct Terror Topt
- 2 correct Beauty Beginner
- 1 correct Awful Amateur
- 0 correct Go directly to the crypt. Do not pass go. Do not collect £200 000, place advance order for issue B



WORLD OF HORROR



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We have a major announcement for you this month. To wit: "Gant Shaw" he left us to pursue independent projects in the publishing world. We wish him the best of luck, and thank him for his continued encouragement and advice. We intend to keep the policy of covering all aspects of the horror-fantasy scene in hope of pleasing all factions of our very varied readership as often as possible, from the most bloodthirsty fourth-former to the most discerning cinephile. This, of course, is a difficult task, and we shall need plenty of reader response, criticism and suggestions to aid us in assembling the right blend of material. Remember, WOH is your magazine. Let's hear from more of you.

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"World of Horror" is published by the Dublin Publisher: **Comic 344 South Circular Road, Dublin, Eire.** All rights reserved and reproduction without permission is strictly prohibited. Printed and published by **World of Horror Publications**, 279 King's Road, London SW6 3DJ. Telephone: 01-874 5723. Advertising enquiries to **World of Horror Publications**, 279 King's Road, London SW6 3DJ. All correspondence to **World of Horror**, 279 King's Road, London SW6 3DJ. All orders to **World of Horror**, 279 King's Road, London SW6 3DJ.

We would like to particularly acknowledge the following for special assistance. **Fred Park, J. Raymond, Michael C. & B. Bennett, Graham G. & June G. G. Bennett, the B.P.C. and the other staff who have made possible the success of "World of Horror".** Thank you.



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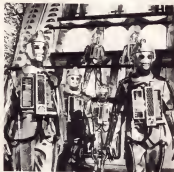
THE LONGLEAT

Last month we announced that our series of "Dr Who" features would be ceasing for a while — well, by now you should know enough to expect the unexpected from "DWM".

"Who" scholar Simon Short's report, describing his recent trip to Longleat's exhibit of monsters and artifacts was too informative and entertaining to keep on file. Just had to print it right away. Hope the merry readers of all age groups who have written in to tell us that they share our regressive delight in the venerable BBC series enjoy this article as much as we have.



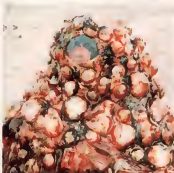
Dalek



Cyberman



Ice Warriors



Cell Guard

DR. WHO EXHIBITION

The Longleat Stable yard, and Diepkop Olden Mile "Dr Who" exhibits were first opened in the Easter of '73 and ended their seasons in the October of that same year — it was unfortunate as it was then that considerable interest was aroused in the programme by the celebration of its tenth anniversary. The Longleat exhibition was a small effort in which one entered the familiar police box to find oneself in a fully operational mock-up of the celebrated "Tardis" (Time And Relative Dimensions In Space) complete with flashing lights and

sound effects. Over the control panels that bordered the edge of the control room, one could view another room, inhabited by two operational Daleks, Aggador, a M4 Cyberman, and a Sea Devil. Another high room on the opposite side of the control room contained a less exciting — but no less well made — mock-up of a Lunar Rover. This exhibition was abandoned only slightly the next year by the replacement of Aggador by an Ice Warrior, a Draconian, and three Metabols. 3 soldiers, but this year, as its supervisor has proved a success, it has been wisely improved with an

extension — therefore giving more for the increased admission fee.

The usquequar in the stable yard repeats the "Dr Who" theme — this is an updated Fred Piper-puzzle from all directions enter the Police Box, which serves as a ticket booth, and turn into the dimly lit corridor resounding with muted sound effects.

The head of a small Tyrannosaurus Rex was dramatically through a hole it has crested in a brick wall, by way of introduction to the morose world of Doctor Who. Further along the corridor is a doll-



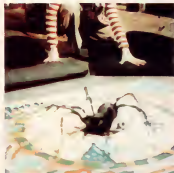
Muter



Giant Megera



A Furnace



Metabols II Spider

SCREEN SCENE

The Gothique Film Society is considering a convention or some other appropriately spectacular and awe-inspiring celebration of their 10th birthday, later this year. No definite details as of this deadline, but watch these pages, and for membership-in-the-Society information, send your SAE to Robin James, Secretary, The Gothique Film Society, 75 Burn Avenue, Feltham, Middlesex. The new season starts 17th October.

The Horror Elite, a fine new group you've previously seen mentioned in our pages, is holding its first convention at the Kenilworth Hotel, on Great Russell Street, 15-16 of November. Decadent masses of excellent food are promised, Terence Fisher and his wife hope to be in attendance, and five films are scheduled in addition to a Fancy Dress Party for those so inclined, and plenty of

other trendy activity. There will be two major "Mummy" films (Karloff's and Lee's), "The Wicker Man", "The Orange Man", and the first of Hammer's "Dracula" series (58). For membership and convention details, write to "The Horror Elite", Mr and Mrs C Cowe, 288 Lutonford Lane, Larkfield, Maidstone, Kent ME20 6HU (Inland we send "Endless SAE"s)



With the summer doldrums just beginning, we thought we'd live up your diary day with news of some of the outstanding events scheduled for London this autumn, reseason and all.

First, there's the second annual British Star Trek Convention. Scheduled for September 20-21 at the Lancaster Centre Hotel, the convention will feature guest appearances by James Dobson ("Scotty"), Walker Keating ("Decker") and their wives, in addition to a "Galactic Fashion Show", a sci-fi film, and the well-known Star Trek Skipper Paul For all details, send SAE to Mrs J. Erwin, President, Star Trek Action Group, 16 Bedford Drive, Wigtown, Leicestershire, LE21 2FA.

CONSUMER REPORT

DEPARTMENT - "Remember 'Count Dracula's Secret'? We sampled it back in issue 2. Well, it's still a good guide for us this year. The somewhat intimidatingly christened 'Dark's Death Ray' (or 'Dark's half green mist, half chocolate stream') is perfectly safe, except for the colour content, (hedge) is pleasant-tasting and on the back of the wrapper, they tell you how to make a Dark, from an empty yogurt pot and a toilet roll tube, etc. So well spent for the sweet tooth crowd, but personally I'll stick with "Count Dracula's Secret" (love that liquorice ice covering).

Major Blunder Department. In this very issue, you will no doubt note that we have covered "Forbidden Planet" with the Films of 1957. The correct date for it, of course, is 1956, but our eagle-eyed research and proof-reading dronnies finally spotted the error as we prepare to go to press, and haven't time to re-visit the article. Well, not even WIP can be perfect, although we really do try . . .

Andy Johnson, editor of "Stereos" (to be reviewed) is planning a further feature entitled "Ferdinand", devoted entirely to Dr. Who. The first issue will continue, tribute to the late William Hartnell, the first Dr and a discussion of other SF television shows, plus reviews, etc. Looks like a good buy at 10p. (That includes P&P) from Andrew Johnson and Eyeball Productions, The King's Head, High Street, Ongar, Essex, CM3 9JG. We're looking forward to it.



Follow-up item: DeWort's obscenous "Mona Lisa" has had previous titles to avoid shorts, of late. Best in issue 3, we printed Musicantant S. M. Soren's obscene version. More exactly, we have been confronted with this poster from a West End mystery thriller, "The Gentle Hook".

[And while we're on the subject of "It", it looks as though that feature film is finally at the theatre, and not just a runner. Gene Roddenberry is installed in office at Paramount studio working on the script, and the original actors will be playing their original roles subject to the availability of the individual estates. Filming is expected to begin in less than a year.]



We recently attended Triumph Theatre Productions' touring adaptation of Stoker's "Dracula" at the Wimbledon Theatre. The production we saw in the 1920's, and the somewhat tedious and apologetic heavy script was played primarily for laughs by the supporting cast. The set and lighting were quite attractive in a cosy, conventionally Gothic way (although it did seem a bit peculiar to have that mirror set nine feet from the ground). There was a winsome cameo from a cheery white rat, and some of the special effects, which included kamikaze bats with rubbery ears, the severing of a hand, and a pretty spectacular vampire act by the Count. Were most entertaining.

Peter Wyngard made an attractive and convincing Dracula, despite costumes which were a bit too stylised, next to the other cast members' gear, and an exaggerated make-up which made his asseemble "Snidely Whiplash". He acted very well, however, complete with vague Slavic accent, and it was a refreshing change to have an arseholite, philosophically motivated Lord Of The Undead, with several telling speeches almost intact from the original novel.

All in all, despite the slow spots, this "Dracula" was an agreeably spooky evening's entertainment. The Wimbledon audience was delighted, and the younger members of asses regaled the cast with long anthemic cheers, after the final (a little departure from tradition, here), on-stage staking. The production, which is touring the country through May, is definitely worth a visit for Wyngard's interesting interpretation, and it's always nice to have the opportunity to see horror on stage.

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PHANTOM OF THE PARADISE. Available at metacord shops

Brian DePalma's new film, "Phantom Of The Paradise" was due to reach in late May, but as of this issue a deadline, we have not been able to do so. A full review will have to wait for a later issue. However, we have heard the "reporting of the rock scene, and enjoyed it immensely.

On the first issue, it wasn't too impressive. Most of the numbers are original versions of various styles of pop, and are probably best enjoyed in the context of the film. So, they grow on you with a second and third playing. There are also two "tribute" numbers, "Paul" and "The Phantom's Theme", which are quite effective on their own. While not strictly original (both these and other numbers have considerable appeal, and could possibly be commercial successes in any event), we really like 'em and of the right numbers. "Goodbye, Steve Goodbye" and "The Hell Of It" are catch and provide a few lovely readable tracks. Recommended especially to collectors.



"JACK THE RIPPER" COMPETITION WINNERS

- 1 D. W. Webster, Scotland
- 2 Michael Deakin, Bristol
- 3 Lavinia
- 4 Anthony Deagan, Dublin, Eire
- 5 Gwynethway Warren, Dorset
- 6 L. Vince, London
- 6 Anthony Bush, Clwert, S. Wales
- 7 Paul Gallagher, Edinburgh Scotland
- 8 S. O. Kevla, Oron
- 9 Simon Hill, Hertford, Herts
- 10 Andrew Kay, Macclesfield
- 11 Paul Lowther, Heywood, Lancashire
- 12 Michel Perry, London
- 13 D. P. March, London
- 14 Matthew Pegg, Bedford

NIGHT OF THE BLOODY APES

STARRING
JOSE ELIAS
CARLOS LOPEZ
AMANDO SILVESTRA



Dr. Krausman, a top surgeon and research specialist is overcome with grief when he learns that his only child, Julia, is a young girl now approaching full maturity and is suffering from an incurable blood disease.

In an effort to save his son from certain death, the Doctor, together with his laboratory assistants, plan a heart transplant from a live gorilla. They steal a gorilla from the local Zoo and perform the operation in the Doctor's private laboratory.

Initially it appears successful and Julia, aided by the great strength of the gorilla, makes a rapid recovery. The Doctor is overjoyed as a result and feels that Julia can safely be left at home to convalesce. Left by himself, Julia resumes an ape-like appearance and the characteristics of a wild animal. In her new form, Julia strikes the forest-walking prey, and upon breaking into a flat kill, the creature, a beautiful young girl, Dr. Krausman, leaving of the brutal murder, and finding Julia missing from home, tours the city streets in an effort to find her and succeeds in going from home where he recovers and resumes normality.

Again, however, Julia suffers an attack and in that ape-like quest, breaks out and kills three further victims until recaptured by Dr. Krausman. In a final attempt to restore sanity to Julia, Dr. Krausman carries out a further transplant operation, this time using the heart of a desperately ill woman, killing her in the process. Although Julia's body recovers the transplant and quickly recovers, it fails to subside the ape-like characteristics and again she embarks on a mission of slaughter.

The police seriously alarmed at the spate of murders, have a general alert in operation with mobile patrols seeking the unknown killer. Julia makes his way to the hospital where his father is working and abducts a young child, here he climbs to the roof where the police find him, fearing for the child's safety the police cannot open fire but seek Dr. Krausman's assistance in entering Julia. The Doctor pleads with his son not to harm the child, and in a dramatic climax, Julia opens the child but dies as a result.

In death, Julia loses the ape-like characteristics and reverts to the appearance of the peaceful boy loved by his father.

Produced by: ALFREDO SALAZAR Directed by: RENE CARDONA

NIGHT OF THE BLOODY APES

COMMENTS

NIGHT OF THE BLOODY APES may not be everybody's idea of what the art of cinema is all about, but in its own seedy way the film is irresistible. Who, after all, is hardhearted enough to dislike a picture whose heroine is a sensitive young wanderer in a red devil suit, and which contains such lyrical dialogue as "Come, help me carry the cadaver of the gorilla to the incinerator"? As for Julio, the beefy young man whose well-meaning surgeon father has endowed with a gorilla's heart in hope of curing his leukemia, he's a unique spectacle, with his grotty ape make-up ending at the chin, and pure Steve Reeves from there on down, except for a rather unattractive scar.

Let anyone think this is a film that makes no demands upon the intellect, we are left pondering such questions as why Julio appears tongueless in some scenes and heavily tattooed in others, while the heroine's anguish over whether or not to cut the ring after one of her operations is greatly required is left tantalizingly unresolved. (Said opponent incidentally, goes through having her skull fractured, a brain operation and a kidnapping, before finally meeting her doom as another heart transplant donor, with her black lacquered eye make-up admirably intact to the tragic end.)

For all you slithering male chauvinist types, it might be noted that one of the side-effects of Julio's history-making operation is a compulsion to rip the clothes off every dusky maiden he encounters, and there are several (One lady's dress manages to grow back as she escapes, however.)

In short this abominable film has nothing to offer anyone but a really good time. Buy yourself a large bag of "Butterots" and settle down for some grand naive entertainment.

Wesley's mother is naturally very concerned and weeps for Wesley's doctor who cared for Wesley for thirteen years while Wesley was in an institution following a mental breakdown after accidentally killing his younger brother. Wesley is released on bond and finds himself in the company of a pretty young madame, Angella.

While on a date that Angella has made with him for a drink at a local night club, Wesley is recognized by a friend intoxicated by the drink, Wesley leaves her unceremoniously.



NIGHT OF BLOODY HORROR

Starring: GERALD McRANEY GAYE YELLEN HERBERT NELSON

Wesley Stewart is the product of an apparently well adjusted upper income family who lives in New Orleans' French Quarter District.

The picture opens with Wesley making passionate love to his fiancée, He leaves abruptly after having a violent headache attack, His fiancée Susan is overcome by the pain of her ailment and decides she will find comfort and solace in confiding her care in the confessor. As she is confiding her care, she is brutally murdered by having her car jammed into her legs, striking the brain, instantly killing her.

Grief-stricken, Wesley goes on a drinking binge for almost a year. He finally meets a new girl after being badly beaten outside a frequently visited bar in the French Quarter.

Once again he finds himself engaged. While on a trip to the beach, Wes expresses himself to buy some beer from a small beach store. His second fiancée, Kay, is murdered with an axe. The girl goes to begin to make a strong interest in Wesley and consider him the prime suspect in both murders.

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Once again, Wes is in the local police station, his doctor, Bennett Moss, has arrived at town level infirmary, the police of Wes's possible mental condition and Wes is released into the custody of Doctor Moss.

Later that evening at the Stewart home where Dr. Moss lives in a rooming place, Wes goes into a room that when he finds out that the madame actually sent for Dr. Moss. He storms out of the room and it is apparently surviving in the night. After a short discussion with Wesley's mother about his behaviour during the last few months, Dr. Moss is shown to his room and again.

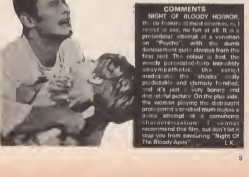
Wesley has a sensual dream about Angella and wakes up in a cold sweat. Dr. Moss hears him as he leaves his room. As Moss is trying to locate Wes in the darkened house, he hears an odd sound from behind a closed door. Thinking that Wes is in a certain room, Dr. Moss slowly approaches the closed door. He tries to open the door, and finding it locked, calls to Wes to unlock it. As the door opens, a most clever thief Dr. Moss's left hand off. As he awakens from shock and fear, the thief plunges into his head.

Wesley shows up at Angella's apartment. He is in a very agitated state, he tries to relate by getting intimate with Angella but she reacts his rather hesitant approach. As a result of another brutal murder occurs over her neck and Wesley is firm in his denial of her guilt. Since a bullet in his back caused by his arrest, Angella volunteers to get Dr. Moss, who can operate for Wesley's unwholesome, Wesley has an apparent fascinate attack and decides to follow Angella back to her house. He is apprehended by the police outside of Angella's apartment. Wes tells the police that Angella has gone to his house, but she insists he believe his story and proceed to take him to jail.


Wes finally convinces them to let him go. He tells the murderer meets with loss. But the murder is dead by a cop to be much of the audience by a story.

COMMENTS

NIGHT OF BLOODY HORROR, Dr. Crahan's at least somewhat, is I repeat to say, no fun at all. It is a perambulatory collage of variations on "Psycho", with the dumbest dumbest plotline quite obvious from the first reel. The colour is bad, the waxy paranoiac-hero heroically awfully pathetic, the acting unadmirable, the shocks easily predictable and clumsily handled, and it's just a very boring and dreary performance. On the plus side, the weakest playing the dis-trustful protagonist is a crinked man makes a droll attempt at a convincing characterisation. If you must recommend the film, but don't let it stop you from savouring "Night Of The Bloody Apes" L.K.



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If you like Warhol, you'll love "Blood For Dracula". The film contains many quotable quotes, such as Daliesandro's remark about Dracula. "He's no good to ennyone, an' nevar wuz." Recommended. Gent Shaw



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I MONSTER

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There is deep darkness in the crypts of Castle Dracula. The Count is searching for the blood of virgins to feed the family. Only this blood can keep him and his sister as "half-dead" alive. He is too well known in the area to succeed in finding a virgin to feed himself on, so he has no alternative but to leave and travel to Italy. There he hopes to find what he has been missing in Rumania - the fresh blood of virgins.

During the journey, the Count almost passes out from exhaustion, but help comes when a girl becomes the victim of a car accident and his servant dips a piece of bread in the girl's blood which makes it up like a sponge. His master is saved for the time being.

In the restaurant of a small Italian town, Dracula gets further good news - that the four pretty daughters of a local nobleman are waiting for suitable husbands.

Count Dracula visits the nobleman and his wife, the Marchessa and the Marchessa Di Forni, who grant him the free choice of their daughters. But Dracula's first attempt with Barbara goes wrong - she has already tasted the fruits of love. He next tries Rubina, but she too is no longer a virgin and his body rejects her blood. Dracula's suspicions turn against the handsome servant of the household, Mario, who is responsible for seducing the two girls.

Mario, however, mistrusts the Count and after investigating the coffee that has been travelling with the Count and seeing the bite marks on the necks of the two girls, he realises that Dracula is a vampire.

The servant makes up his mind that Dracula must die before he gets to the remaining two daughters of the family, who are still virgins. Paris and Camerata.



First, he seduces the youngest, Paris, taking her that by deflowering her he is protecting her from attack by the vampire. He is caught in the act by the girl's mother and the Count, who has just seduced Camerata. Mario swears their accusations by explaining that Dracula is a vampire and must die. He grabs an axe and chases Dracula, chopping him down.

As he drives a wooden stake through Dracula's heart, Camerata rushes out pleading for the vampire's life, but too late. Camerata, in her agony, throws herself on to the stake!



ANDY WARHOL'S BLOOD FOR DRACULA

COMMENT

Blood For Dracula, through some horror purists will doubtless be annoyed by its camp humour, is a marked improvement over *Flash For Dracula*. Director Roman Polanski also gets some real kaisir for the Gothic atmosphere, and the film is a steady, very strong. The late Vittorio de Sica appears as the befuddled Marquis, father of four prospective brides, and the accents of all four are precisely unrecognizable, but their appearance is flawless, pale and animated with pre-Raphaelite hair and wide, glassy eyes. And Roman Polanski also gets us, in an amusing tavern scene. Lito Fazio is much better suited to the part of Dracula than he was to the Frankenstein role, and a quite successful, emphasizing the vampire's decadence and physical frailty. He also handles the comedy elements well, and I particularly enjoyed him assuming his lightning in a rustle by gingerly removing a crucifix from the wall, and exclaiming indignantly, "Ze holy wa DRACULU!" And God help me, I think even Joe Castellano is beginning to grow on the De Sica eyes, he portrays a beautiful but dumb stud whose non-romantic moments express the evil-doer's true state, he is a Marxist hard-core, frolicking with the daughters of the aristocratic aristocrats whilst waiting for the Revolution. Some of the dialogue is pretentious and I found myself chucking at several of the lines long after seeing the film. There are a few revolting scenes of violence and veridical dialogue (not to mention a few moments of real "normal", and indeed. Our beloved corpse, of course have once again seen to do protect us from all that, and there are several very obvious cuts. Unlike *Flash For Dracula*, however, *Blood For Dracula* is still very much worth seeing. Despite the revelation of Werhol's protago Morrisey were to begin taking the material just a little bit more seriously, I think he might be capable of giving us some really excellent macabre films. I know after seeing *Blood For Dracula* I'm beginning to see Morrisey & Co. as a little bit more seriously. Good show.

The supporting feature, in *Search Of The Real Dracula* is really a historical thriller sort of thing, rather dull and pretentious, with one of those "dramatic" runtimes, and very annoying music. The scenery's pretty tough, and it doesn't dig on for too long.

L.C.

CAST

Mario	JOE CASTELLANO
Count Dracula	LEO GREN
Marquise De Fari	MAURICE MCDONRY
Marquise De Fari	VITTORIO DE SICA
Antoinette	ANDY WARHOL
Emmerline	MILENA VUCOTIC
Sylvia	DOMINIQUE DANIEL
Barbara	STEFANIA CASINI
Paris	SILVIA DIONISIO

CREDITS

Producer	ANDREW BRAUNBERG
Writer & Director	PAUL MORRISSEY
Director of Photography	LINDA KUNZLEBER
Production Designer	ENRICO JOE
Music	CLAUDIO LUZZI
Editors	ED. JOHNSON and FRANCA SILV

Executive Producer

Distributed by EMI Film Distributors Ltd

WHATEVER IT IS



AND DEADLY

SYNOPSIS

Happily healthy Francis and Larom Davies (John Ryan and Sharon Farrell) are settled snugly into bed on a peaceful night. The woman begins to lose sleepiness, thus waking her husband "in his time," she announces with muted joy, and the two embrace. Emerging from beneath the covers, her belly begins conspicuously "This one's different than Chris," she tells her husband, as she presses to birth.

The father helps his wife out of bed, and reaches himself and the luggage for the trip to the hospital. Before leaving, he wakes their 11-year-old son, Chris (Daniel Holzman) a perfectly healthy and well-adjusted child. He dresses quickly and the three of them depart together. Chris is dropped off at the home of Charlie (William Wellman, Junior) a close friend of the family.

The parents then proceed to the hospital, the mother anxiously crying out in seemingly acute pain. She is admitted immediately to the maternity ward, while the father joins three other men in the waiting room. The man demonstrates various of envy and pain, and eventually gets to debating the relative value of the world into which all of them are bringing new human beings. Their cascades of conscience go unresolved. The doctor is mysteriously reassuring Mrs. Davies that in spite of the unexplained pain she is experiencing, all will be fine.

From this moment, the lives of Larom and Francis Davies undergo a drastic metamorphosis. Emerging evermore into his losing life job, the family losing their friends, and the city of Los Angeles totally losing its grip on normality. The dark, climactic that night is affixed with the sense of converging police cars, as the father plays out a terrifying drama. The climax seeks lands an awe and thought-provoking notion to the circumstances of the previous days.

COMMENTS:

This film is considerably more interesting than the synopsis suggests. Larom Davies ultimately gives birth to an incredible meta-fen which annihilates the entire surgical team, before escaping into the suburban slumbers to kill many more in its search for nourishment and shelter. The parents find themselves held responsible for the monstrosity on the loose, and are gradually stripped of their affluence and elegance, as the tale progresses. The mother's attempts to protect "it" from administration lead her husband to reject her, and all connection with the child. Francis Davies becomes increasingly determined to be the one to rid the world of the infant menace, lovingly encountering it in a pathetic scene in an underground tunnel. The "message" elements, proposing that society's parents, by contrast of protecting straggling children, run an increasing starchy ingesting various drugs and food additives, run an increasing scene an administrative petty human-handedly. The acting and dialogue are competent, if without particular distinction. The creative "cast" of the "spac" and it's fairly well-heralded. Much of the action is neatly staged, which is never seen in detail, but is done effectively and, like the parents we come to have a degree of empathy for it, in "Alas" is a very sad, unpleasant little picture. We feel that the horror/fantasy mix reflects the spirit of its time perhaps more than any other genre of this genre and "It's Alas" is yet another of the recent wave of uncomfortable bleak and dismal comments on the quality of life in the sixties.



Warner Bros
A Warner Communications Company
presents
A Larry Cohen Film
IT'S ALIVE!
Technicolor® (R)
A Lerner Production
Starring

JOHN RYAN	Francis
SHARON FARRELL	Larom
ANDREW SULLIVAN	The Professor
GUY STOCKWELL	Clayton
JAMES DODD	Li Purkins
MICHAEL ANSARA	The Captain

Co-starring

ROBERT EMMARDT	The Executive
WILLIAM WELLMAN, JR.	Charlie
SHAMUS LOCKE	The Doctor
MARY NANCY BURNETT	The Nurse

with

PATRICK MACALLISTER
GERALD YORK
JERRY TAFT
D.W. RICHARDS
W ALLEN YORK
DIANA HALLIS
DANIEL HOLZMAN

Executive Producers
Secretary
The Boy

CREDITS

Written, Produced and Directed by Larry Cohen
Executive Producer Peter Sebastian
Co-Producer Janine Cohen
Photographed by Fenton Herrington
Edited by Peter Hesse
Music by Bernard Herrmann

Filmed with Panavision® (R) Equipment
Certificates (G) Length 8,172 feet Running Time 1 hour 31 minutes

Released by Columbia/Warner Distributors Ltd

SWOPSHOP CLASSIFIED

FOR SALE: Sets of 7 different Dracula films, as Dracula movies (one from each Hammer Dracula film) for only £2.00. Each set has 10 mins. story length, price includes exp. Send PO or cheque to Peter Nicholson, 26 Oak Gate Rd, London SW16 1U.

Horror Films For Sale - Excerpts from Dr. Stephen Lee, as Dracula. **ENSTEIN MUST BE DESTROYED, TASTE THE BLOOD OF DRACULA** - All three mounted on 200 foot reels, sent in black and white - good condition. £3.80 each. R. Brazill, 128 Mayfield Drive, Caversham, Reading RG4 6JR.

Do you have any horror sci-fi, fantasy material for sale if so let us know and we will advertise for you.

FOR SALE

Horror and fantasy material for sale: Posters, stills, pressbooks, etc. Also huge collection of pre-war, non-horror film material. SAE for details - Robin James, Secretary, Gothique Film Society, 76 Sures Avenue, Fallowfield, M14 6JG.

DALEK Annuals
WANTED
Must be in good or reasonable condition.
Phone 742-5191, any day,
from 5 p.m. to 9 p.m.

I want back issues of "FXRH" 1-3, "King Kong" comics, frame blow-ups from "Valley Of Gwangi", and photo posters from all Ray Harryhausen or Willis O'Brien films. Will pay highest reasonable prices. Marcus Noonan, 10 McArthur Terrace, Charlton, London SE7 8BY.

WANTED: Horror, Science Fiction, Fantasy cinema posters. State price and condition. G. Hughes, 10 Middle Avenue, Carlton, Nottingham.

Lon Chaney Jr.



As Count Alucard in "Son of Dracula."



Lemna in "Ol' Mee and Man."



Alane '30'epertail



in "The Electric Man" in a "Man Made Monster".

Lon Chaney Jr. led a regal life with wild stories of his early days, like the bizarre circumstances of his birth on 10 February, 1906, near Oklahoma Mezentra. Lon Chaney and Clara Creighton Chaney, were touring with a cheap vaudeville company, when he made an unexpected entrance, weighing two and a quarter pounds, black, and apparently dead. Chaney Sr. picked up the infant, ran outside and ducked him in the icy waters of Belle Isle Lake, massaged his muscles and popped him into an improvised incubator. The message continued every day, and little Creighton Tu! Chaney was walking at six months, and grew up to be an athletic 6 feet 3½ inch bruiser. Surely an apocalyptic story, but Lon Chaney Jr. at least in public, had little of the grim notoriety of his renowned father. His outgoing nature may have resulted from the influence of his mother, Cleve, a lady with a mind of her own. She was unable to cope with renouncing her own promising stage career to become a full-time housewife. Her old-fashioned husband could not understand her unhappiness, and she became increasingly depressed, finally deserting her family to save her own sanity. Creighton was familiar with backstage life from infancy, working in an episodic act with his father by the age of three, and receiving an early introduction to the frequent hardships of the theatrical life. After his mother left, he was cared for by his father, and a chorus girl, Hazel Bennett, who later became the second Mrs. Chaney. She was devoted to the child, and had none of her predecessor's qualms about sacrificing her career for domesticity. There appears to have been a good deal of friction in the household, though, as Creighton, naturally, wished to have some communication with Cleve, but Chaney Sr. held a bitter grudge against his ex-wife. He also planned a business career for his son, but the boy was much more interested in show business. Creighton attended Hollywood High School, then trained to be a plumber at the Commercial Experts Training Institute of Los Angeles. His father died, and young Chaney married his first wife, Dorothy, with whom he had two sons, Lon and Ronald. Both busi-

nessmen today. He worked as a border-

moder and secretary to an associate, but still had a strong desire to work in films. At last, through a friend of his father's he was able to obtain an RKO stock contract. He made his debut as a chorus dancer in "Gud Gristy" (1932) and worked in many films and serials, often as a stunt man. In later life, he claimed to have been involved in over 400 films, in various capacities, and under several different names. In 1937, he went to work at 20th Century Fox, and his first marriage having ended in divorce, married a model named Patsy Black. They had some difficult times, as he lost his screen contract in 1939, and they were left flat broke. When they were unable to pay the bills, their furniture was removed, and there seemed little hope of improvement in their situation. However, Chaney's greatest success was close at hand. He had been playing the simpering Lemna in the West Coast stage production of Starbuck's "Ol' Mee and Man." Lewis Milestone, directing the film version for Universal, asked him to take the role again. His performance was extremely moving, and revealed a talent of some promise. He had already given in to pressure to change his name to Lon Chaney, Jr., for publicity purposes, but considered it a cheap ploy and resisted having to capitulate. "I was starved into it," he would later recall with some bitterness.

In 1940, he had a good character role in "Men and the Moon" (or "One Million B.C.", depending upon where and when you saw it). He portrayed an aging, cowardly tribal chief. The part required extensive make-up, and Chaney designed his own, but due to the union rules that had come into being since his father's day was not permitted to use it. In 1942, he appeared for the first time, as Kharis, in "The Mummy's Tomb". This, and the two sequels, "The Mummy's Curse" and "The Mummy's Ghost" did well at the box office, but were hardly artistically rewarding for the star, who slumped about wrapped in bandages, and diked with Fuller's Earth, a tame and rather tiresome "monster". Chaney was prosperous at last, though, and purchased a ranch in Eldorado





Victimized by Lionel Atwill's experiment in "The Electric Blue."
 Has lumbering essence in "The Black Beetle."



County, California, which he christened "Lennie's Ranch" after his favorite character, the actor who dreamed of owning his own ranch. In 1944, he had another great success, which was to trap him once and for all in the "horror" genre. With the aid of Jack Palance's make-up, he became Lawrence Talbot, "The Wolf Man." His performance was stiff and uneven, but the werewolf appealed to the public, and he repeated the role in several other films, including "Frankenstein Meets the Wolfman" and "House of Dracula", eventually going the way of all Universal bogies to "Mead", burlesque comic Abbott and Costello. His films for Universal became increasingly mediocre, dull horror-mysteries like "Dead Man's Eyes" and "Frozen Ghost", and in 1948, after a particularly apocalyptic opus, "Pillow of Death", he left Universal to work independently. He was seldom unemployed, but continued to be haunted by his "horror" image, comparisons with his father, and the ghost of Lennie. He disliked personal publicity so little is known of his private life, but reportedly he was subject to bouts of depression, serious enough, on at least one occasion, to result in a suicide attempt.

In 1952, his career picked up again, with a small, but effective role as a has-been lawman in "High Noon". He had another good role, as a drunkard in "Not as a Stranger" (1954) and his portrayal of an ex-convict in "The Defiant Ones" (1958) was also well-received. In the fifties, he made many TV appearances, including a running portrayal of the red Indian Chingachgook, in a series based on the adventure tales of James Fenimore Cooper.

He continued to take part in unimportant horror films, such as "Masoch", "The Black Glass" and "The Indestructible Man" (All 1958). He told the story of his father's life and career to Universal, but was badly disappointed with the mach-rewritten result, "Man of a Thousand Faces", although he praised James Cagney's performance as Chaney Sr. — He continued to enjoy his home, where he relaxed by hunting and fishing in the surrounding countryside, kept dogs, and was exceedingly proud of his champion singing canary. Though he far preferred films to television work, he remained a perfectionist, striving to give the best performance possible, although his vehicles were often hopelessly bad. In 1963, he made "The Haunted Palace" with Vincent Price, his last role in a major production. Price was impressed by Chaney's professionalism and unassuming nature, and called him "One of the most talented

Accosted by Carole Landis in
 "Man And His Mate."





SCREAM QUEEN INGRID PITT

One of the best-known female practitioners in the genre, Ingrid Pitt has just more going for her than her obvious assets. In such films as "The House That Dripped Blood" (soon, whenever) comes this diabolically devastating short "The Vampire Lovers," "Countess Dracula," and "The Wicked Men," she has displayed consummate talent and superb anatomism. In addition to "Thorax" projects, Pitt has appeared in many "Draught" films and TV films, has spent time on a vacation in Araratia studying the traditions of the Red Indians, and is interested by bullfighting and horses.

THE CONTINUING SAGA

THE END OF THE ROAD

Lucy Sommerla, a rather peculiar young woman, and brilliant student of marine biology, has been haunted from childhood by bizarre visions of a submarine, and deep-sea wrecks, and a weird lizard-like creature inhuman in immodest protective capacities. She dismisses them as unimportant, but as time goes by, the dreams become increasingly frequent. In her second year at college, Lucy gets an opportunity to spend the summer holiday studying marine life off the Cornish coast, and accepts it eagerly as a starting point for her intended career. After arriving at the village of Cornish, she finds the house belonging to her uncle dead, and she remains, she swears to find his body. Mr. Lorrimer, missing, and the village apparently deserted, except for Joe Merzhelm, whom she associates in the local tobacconist. As they speculate upon the strange situation, they catch sight of Miss Lorrimer across the road, staggering bloody, her appearance gravely altered. Several policemen drive up, closely followed by an army truck, and protected by gas masks. The unfortunate Miss Lorrimer is shot down, and her body deposited in the truck, which contains a number of mutant corpses.

The policeman began to walk around the street slowly, inspecting everything in sight. Lucy was awaking, and realised that she was frightened. She was glad Joe was there. There was a sudden commotion outside. Lucy and Joe sprang to the window. The policeman that they had seen earlier was now knocking on doors and attempting to see the occupants in the rows back he took down everyone's name, and if they came from outside the village. Their addresses. Some of the villagers were angry about the treatment that they had received, and they were now shouting abuse and protests at the solitary policeman. Soon it was their turn.

The constable's heavy hand thudded against the door.
"Open!" Joe called in his loudest voice. The man eyed him in a funny way as if he was scratching his head with his hand, and then he looked at Lucy. As she spoke, his voice was sharp and authoritative. "Your names and addresses, please!"

"These officers can't get us when we go out?" asked Lucy.
"Well," he hesitated, then continued in their "It is late this, a couple of miles from here, a government research site. All the things that do there are very peculiar and high-tech. Well, it appears that recently they have been doing something connected with biological warfare. One bright spark working for them found a interest with the power to mutate all sorts of animals." He took a deep breath, and then continued, "Including humans!"

"You're talking us on, aren't you?" asked Joe.
"No, I'm afraid not. I really wish I were. Well let me carry on. The scientists were very stupid so they started to experiment on an attempt to control it. Well in the middle of experiments some one came along and broke in, and stole a sample of the stuff. If that person is fool enough to open a half a dozen could be mutants quite soon. So now the police have the easy job of finding the stuff."

"Very interesting," said Lucy, her scientific mind at work. "Do you think I could get in touch with one of the people working there?"
"I don't know," said the man. "I know of one of them, so you may be lucky."

"Thank you, I would be very grateful if you did help me. Are you sure I should be all right?"

"Yes, I should think so. Well, I'd better be moving on, thank you for your time. Goodbye."

Joe coughed at the door.
"Don't you think that would be inviting trouble to us?"

"No, I don't."
"Lucy, what do you think about what they're doing?"
"Joe, I'm not just a naive kidnap, I also have a knowledge of the consequences." He gave up, knowing that argument was futile.
Arthur had been in Lucy's room, and lay on the sofa in front of the fire. She had just taken from her usual dream of submarines and land-lizards.



Suddenly she felt strange, some inner force seemed to grip her. It tore and cut at her skin, and slid through her body. She wanted to scream but something seemed to block her throat. Her body contorted violently. Her strength soon slipped. Something seemed to claw at her throat.

Checking and clutching her throat, Lucy fell in a heap. The pain ceasing her to write the address on the floor. She began to crawl slowly across the room, half way across she realised that she could see here in the large wall mirror. It was a horrible sight, her skin moving in an uncanny manner. She awakened again as the dreadful change met her eyes. Some inner force still seemed to be tearing and pulling at her skin. Once more she looked at herself, and, to her horror, she saw her stretched skin begin to tear at her hair. Blood trickled slowly. Lucy gave up her fight against the unknown force. She bowed her head and her hair fell over the ever increasing pool of blood. Then she lay her head down. Lucy thought, "Is this warm?"

It was a couple of hours later, when Lucy finally recovered from her semi-conscious state. She raised her head, and looked into the mirror. She thought that after the horrors she had endured she would not be shocked again, she was wrong, in the mirror she did not see the creature of her dreams. She would have believed if she had had the strength, but she hadn't, her former skin lay loosely curled about her. In shedding her flesh she had become a mutant man-approved. Lucy lay back in despair for death.

This month's revealing episode was produced by Mervyn Field. Previous of 24 Series Park Road, Stockley, London. Series will also be but what about the answer from our adult readers? How? Discard that dignity and maturity and think gratitude. All our over-21-year readers can regard the book as a formal challenge. We are due to submit your \$00-1,000 word answer by typed, double-spaced and no floppy stuff, you parents to "The Continuing Saga," 344 South Lenthall Road, London, SW8.

WORLD OF HORROR looks at FANZINES

FANZINERIAN No 1



BORIS KARLOFF, KING



TOMMY THROU

The HORROR ELITE

Children of the Night



Here we are with yet another survey of some of the fascinating amateur publications available to fantasy freaks, and this time, we have discovered some real goods.

Lata start with **FAN GRAPHIC** a tarty but very attractive little one edited by a young woman called Wendy Butts in the wilds of Florida (PO for \$1.60 via Mondo Bats, 126 July Lee Drive Largo, FL 33540, USA.) We saw issue 1, and Ms Butts plans to have more organised material in the future. Starting with a specific subject each time out, is "Children in Horror Films", and the first issue had a couple of Ker-rol, with filmography post-reviews, and some very likable poems and illustrated tales of the macabre by young fans.

And while we're talking with zines from North America, we must mention and highly recommend **CHILDREN OF THE NIGHT** and **BEARRE**. The former is published irregularly by COF publishing company, Box 8187, Postville Village, Kansas, KS 66209, USA. \$2.50 (These prices, incidentally, include P&H, the best of my book structures). The latter is a study conducted or sponsored, but with postal rates the way they are it is a damned exact people to post in from America or lower rates. **CHILDREN OF THE NIGHT** put together with obvious loving care by Derek Bennett, is a severely hilarious, informative and well-written collection, latest included reviews of "The Three Musketeers", and "Schlock" (one of those underground hits we've yet to see in the UK), some thoughtful reviews of other fanzines, a well-deserved drubbing of "Flash For Judgment", comments on "Flash Gordon", Sammie Bites Of Cicada, Frankenstein and

"the Monster from Hell", and a good deal more, all of an interesting, entertaining and good to look at.

BEARRE (published largely in August by The Pe Company, 67 Forest Road, Asheville, N.C. 28803, USA, \$2.50) is frankly such a visual gem that it seems foolish to try describing it. Since Sam J. Lion Jr has taken on the task of collecting titles and prize material from virtually every fantasy film released in the US in 1974 (Number 3, also, is the only back issue still available Number 4 is due this August), and reviewed every one (official ratings range from "Bomb" to "Excellent"), from the sizzling "Frankenstein The True Story" right on through gory romps like "Candy Death" and "Carnival Girls I feel Mr Levin's comments make a total hash of this one-budget success story on the basis of their cheapness, but I love a career reviewer for truly sexy films.) In addition to all this, "BEARRE" offers personal awards for the fannest genre in 1973 and includes interviews with such worthies as Ralph Bates, Shane Bray, Melodie Smith, Gordon Pin, Christopher Lee, Robert Marlow, and many more, all accompanied by stills from the subject's films, and candid snaps taken by fans (see also the review on p. 74, page on highest quality paper, and the cover feature on "horror colour picture" of Michael Sarrazin as Frankenstein's Creature in an advanced stage of deterioration. This one is a must for every horror/fantasy buff.

To return to these shores we were delighted to receive samples of several issues from Miss Cruden 18 Bishop St, Middleburgh **FANTASY TRADE** is free for 60p postage and will be useful to all comic heads who are interested in extending their collections. (NB "F" is free only through the post in one shape it will cost a small amount for a very helpful one) **COMICS ANALYSIS** contains articles and comments on all aspects of comics, and issue 3 featured a rily in-depth dissection of the many nuances of Spiderman. The writing as the whole is very sexy and amusing and the illustrations are good. A good buy at 17p plus 60p postage. Then there's **THE MUTANT COMIC BOOK** (15p plus 60p P&H, which contains four well-illustrated, thoroughly amusing and bloody funny stories. Not to mention it's a 1m sock, but I love it and it should speak strongly to the truly deranged faction of our readership. It's "slit" stuff done with style.

In closing, we are pleased to announce the arrival of the **Horror Elite's** first 80 page journal (these large ones will appear back a year, while regular newsletters will be members posted on club news, books, items etc.). The journal is a very promising start for this ambitious club and while there was some trouble with last year's, owing last minute changes, it looks quite pleasant. The written contents are lively and some entertaining. Outstanding were the conversations with pencil make-up wizard Roy Ashton, an affectionate and witty appreciation of Peter

SYNOPSIS

It would not be enough to say that **TOMMY** by Pete Townshend and The Who, was a landmark in the glowing history of transitional rock music. It would be far more accurate to state that it was — and is — the landmark.

When The Who's mammoth double album first appeared in 1969, **TOMMY** was hailed on both sides of the Atlantic as a rock-melodrama, with a clearly defining voice to be heard. Certainly nothing as ambitious as **TOMMY** had been heard before. The idea of a rock group taking a complete narrative theme and following it through one and a half hours of recording was unheard of.

The story of Tommy, who is struck deaf, dumb and blind by a terrible car crash he witnesses when he is six, his growing up, his hair-raising journey through life, and the amazing happenings which follow his miracu-

lous by Peckie Manning and "Mary Do You Remember", nostalgic reminiscences of some of the most popular harmonica players since. There's some amusing facts, Peter and Cushing filmographies, reviews, and bits of "love and peace" which make the one word and phrase. **The Horror Elite** is a first convention, has been announced for November, in London the Kenilworth Hotel, and we wish them every success. **Fanzone** needs an organization like this and devoted not to any specific performer, but catering to hobbyists in general. The British Fantasy Society is an excellent group, but concentrates more on the written word while "Horror Elite" will have the emphasis on audio-visual delights. Readers interested in joining "Horror Elite" may do so by sending a PO for £2.50 for a year's membership to Sue & Colin Cowie, 160 Lombard Lane, Leyland, Madingley, Kent ME20 6AS.

Well, that's all the fanzines we have room to cover in this issue. If you're not one of those who's a worthy one that's not yet been mentioned in these pages we'd be most grateful if you'd enlighten us.



lous, received acclaim from public, and pop and classical music critics alike. They hailed the recording, again from the quality as an exciting, moving and timely story in music and song, as a milestone in advancing the idea of rock as another medium for expressing thought and certain philosophical concepts.

At least ten million copies of the two recorded versions of **TOMMY** have been sold throughout the world. The original version by The Who was released in 1969, and was followed, in 1972, by Lou Reed's production played by the London Symphony Orchestra, with various distinguished solo artists, including Steve Winwood, Ringo Starr, Rod Stewart and Richard Harris, and issued by Polygram Records Inc. Tommy has also been performed in concert by The Who, in London, at New York's vast Metropolitan Opera House, and elsewhere.



The End



TOMMY: COMMENTS

The original double album of the Who's "Tommy" has always had a special meaning for me personally, and it is addressing to have seen this remarkable work translated to the screen. It is a mistake to think of it as a movie, as Ken Russell, the Who's own choice for director, obviously seems to be having a divy period. Usually one can often forgive his silliness in the light of his many moments of vital genius. The imagery of "Tommy," however, is often so bizarrely trippy and camp. The music is over-orchestrated, the raw material is not very good, and the cast is rickety at the best of times, with even more performers like Tina Turner and Eric John, whom you would expect Ann-Margret, of all people, does manage to contribute an extremely moving characterization, as Tommy's pain-torn mother, and Nigel Dinklage, who abominably performed several rather frightening scenes without help from a stunt man, makes an appealing Tommy in appearance, and is an astounding "natural" actor. There are many "good" moments, but only Jack Nicholson as the

Specialist and Robert Powell as Tommy's father, contribute anything of interest. The Pinball Wizard scene is rather fun, and moments of the Acid Queen sequence convey the LSD experience more adequately than most attempts. On the whole, unfortunately, the film obscures in Russell's fervid bad taste, without his usual originality (Ann-Margret drunkenly watching TV hallucinates a deluge of consumer-society effluvia spouting out of the screen and stratching hair), perverse apocryphs and orgies are exploited in a scene depicting a Lourdes-like shrine, where people hope to be cured by touching a huge statue of Marilyn Monroe. The former image has been used many times by artists and the letter is naive, and worse, quite pointless, as if Russell were flailing around desperately for something "provocative" or "symbolic." Part of "Tommy's" original beauty was the ambiguity of its narrative elements. The film has made it all too clear, in the most heavy-handed, tasteless, simplistic fashion.



THE CAST	
Pinball Wizard	OLIVER REED
Nora Walker	ANN-MARGRET
Tommy	
Pinball Wizard	ELTON JOHN
Specialist	ERIC CLAPTON
Doctor Kane	KEITH MOON
Specialist	JACK NICHOLSON
Grand Captain Walker	ROBERT POWELL
Colon Kevill	PAUL NICHOLAS
Acid Queen	TRIA TURNER
Reggie Tommy	BARRY WYNCH
Sally Simpson	VICTORIA RUSSELL
Howard Simpson	BOB ARD
Mrs. Simpson	MARY HOLLAND
Tell Nurse	JENNIFER BAKER
Mad Nurse	RUSSELL BAKER
Handmaids to Acid Queen	(JULIE KING) GILLIAN KING
Nurse	BROOGEN CLAIRE

and
 PETS TOWNSHEND ROGER DALTRY
 JOHN ENTWISTLE KEITH MOON
 Producers — Robert Stigwood, Ken Russell
 Writer/Director — Ken Russell
 Special Effects — John Robinson

Top left: Tommy is portrayed by Roger Daltry of the Who
 Top right: A meek "Acid" hallucination
 Above left: Ann-Margret weeps in maternal excess
 Above right: Pinball Wizard's merry Cousin Kevin
 Opposite page: Robert Powell as Tommy's father

REMEMBER
A NOSTALGIC
LOOK AT
THE
FILMS
of
1953

THIS month we're taking a big leap back to the Dark Ages of the Horror-Fantasy genre. In the 1950s, such films were regarded as rubbish, by critics who seldom bothered to review them, the general public, whose enthusiasm at the time was more for cowboy, gangster and big-business dramas, bizarre Biblical spectacles, and musicals, and by the film-makers themselves, who worked on horror projects when they couldn't get anything "better," and displayed little imagination in their handling of the material.

FOURTH THRILLING
3-DIMENSIONAL
FOR THE GIANT FULL-SCALE SCREEN
IT CAME FROM OUTER SPACE
A DANCE OF HORROR
WITH
WOLFEK
AND
WOLFEK
AND
WOLFEK
ADULTS ONLY.

STARRING
RICHARD CARLSON
BARBARA RUSH

Programmed beginning of
10:30, 1:30, 4:30 and 7:30.

LONDON PAVILION



"Forbidden Planet"

"Old Mother Riley Meets The Vampire"

Still, there are always exceptions, and in the survey of the largely forgotten films of 1953, we think there are a few still worth a serious viewing.

Car Women Of The Moon is a very funny atrocity that featured Sonny Tufts, Marie Windsor, and an ember-raised-looking Victor Jory. It was made in 3-D, to best show off the uninspiring charms of Moon Maidens with "imaginary" names like Alpha, Zeta and Lambda. In addition to being good for a giggle, it's depressingly representative of the "fifties attitudes towards women and the fantastic cinema.

In *Abbott & Costello Meet Dr. Jekyll & Mr. Hyde* we have intentional humour that really comes off in a few scenes. Boris Karloff appears as the doctor, (although he did not attempt the athletics of Mr. Hyde.) The ape-man mask is not very good, and there are no drills at all, but the finale, with everyone turning into Hyde-creatures, chasing each other about, is quite funny. Karloff as ape, makes the most of the material, and seems to be having fun himself, while taking the role seriously enough to win the unlucky Jekyll some

sympathy, amidst the stepotch. The setting is a particularly odd Hollywood version of London, seemingly half-Elwooden, and half-Elizabethan in period, with all sort of esoteric scenes and attire.

It was a frenetic year for Abbott & Costello, who also visited Mars — well, Venus, really, in *Abbott & Costello Go To Mars*. They accidentally stow away in a rocket which lands first in Louisiana, or some giotaspag place, which the two splotchons presume to be Mars, then they finally do get to Venus, which predictably enough, is inhabited entirely by scantily-clad and romance-starved martians. The film actually had some censoring problems at the time, but to-day, it looks more treasreous than billfiling (no pun intended) — and is not one of the duo's funnier efforts.

Another popular U.S. comedy team, Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis, appeared in something called *Scooped Stuff*, which was not funny, and certainly was not scary. The comic genius of Mr. Lewis has always eluded me, and in the earlier stages of his career, his cavourings were particularly jaw-cruciating.



Top left: "War Of The Worlds"

Above: "Them"

"The Beast From 20,000 Fathoms," left, right: "Invaders From Mars"

A HISTORIC
 LOOK AT
 THE
FILMS
 of
1953

**NOTHING LIKE IT IN
 140 MILLION
 YEARS!**
The Beast
**From 20,000
 Fathoms**

PAUL CHRISTIAN PAULA PATTON—GEO. McLELLAN—KENNETH TONRY—JACK PYLE
 JOHN FAY—LUCY ROBERTS—LILLIAN HAYES—LARRY HAYES—LILLIAN HAYES
 Produced by **WARNER BROS.**

TO-DAY & WEEK—N. & W. LONDON
OCT. 19: NORTH & EAST OCT. 26: SOUTH



Bela Lugosi, at the nadir of his career, played in *Old Mather Alike Meets The Vampire* (My Son The Vampire) with Arthur Lucan, who was far from the top of his form, and the result is an embarrassing and depressing film, mercifully seldom seen.

In *The Rensselaer Man* the make-up is almost an exact duplicate of the Abbott & Costello Meet Dr Jekyll & Mr. Hyde monster. Robert Shayne turned into a cave-man, and ran amok, only to be killed by his own cat (which in the course of his deranged dabbings, Shayne had transformed into sabratooth ogre). This is a cheap and silly film, but not without a few entertaining moments.

An obscure 3-D film we've never seen called *The Maze* seems to have had a piquant story-line concerning a 200-year-old Scottish laird's resurrection as a giant toad. It sounds irresistible, and we hope to have the opportunity of viewing it some day.

Killer Ape must be the most ludicrous of the "Jungle Jim" series (and that means it's LUDICROUS!) Jungle Jim, portrayed punchily by Johnny Weissmuller, only his monotone unchanged from "Tarzan" days, and his obvious familiarity, particularly disgusting trained chimp called "Temba" do battle with a huge cave-man type person, supposedly the offspring of a human-gorilla dys. Quite kinky, come to think of it (not to add



LUDICROUS! This one ranks with *From Hell It Came* and *Gory Of The Living Dead* as one of the most delicious bits of sill.

Although it is a tedious film to sit through, today, *Four-Sided Triangle* (released here in 1952), is one of director Terence Fisher's earliest excursions into fantastic subject matter, and the idea of duplicating human beings is always fascinating in this era, a scientist, unlucky in love, decides to make a clone of the lady involved, only to find that the duplicate is too perfect (She too, prefers his real!) Both creator and creation finally perish in the conventional conflagration.

Another British feature with a science-fiction topic is *Devil Girl From Mars*, starring Adrienne Corri, which we've heard is quite amusing, but it's also rather rare, and we've not seen it, yet.

Two strange little movies with child heroes are *Invaders From Mars*, a cheap production with disturbing parental overtones, and *Invading Invasion Of The Body Snatchers* and the 3D *Robot Monster* with its hideous gorilla-suited actors in half-bowl space helmets lumbering about in the service of *The Supreme R-Men*.

War Of The Worlds produced by George Pal modernised Wells' novel and evinced the season to California. Although the special effects won a posthumous Academy Award for Gordon Jennings, there are few exciting moments, due to a bland script and cast, and rather pedestrian direction by Byron Haskin.

The old-dramatised *Donovan's Brain* returned again, in a sturdy, low-budget production starring Lew Ayres,



"Abbott & Costello Meet", Bela Karloff at left. Above: James Whitmore in *Invaders From Mars*. Top right: "Killer Ape." Below right: "Donovan's Brain."

ISLE of the DEAD

ISLE OF THE DEAD (1948) Produced by Val Lewton, Directed by Mark Robson, Script by Ardel Wray and Josef Mischal, Director of Photography: Jack MacKenzie, Art Director: Albert S. D'Agostino, Writer: E. Keller, Musical Director: C. Rabalnikoff, CAST: Boris Karloff, Ellen Drew, Marc Conner, Kathleen Gray, Helen Thayer, Alan Napier, Jason Roberts Sr., Ernst Dorian, Shelton Knapp, Cheryl Lish, Chuck Harrison.

During the 1912 war, a Greek general, a young American reporter, a British consul, his shield wife and several others find themselves trapped on a dreary bare island. Pagan has broken out, and the group is quarantined. An old peasant woman is convinced that the goddess in the work of the "vampire" is a virgine-like demon which destroys its victims, will to live. The goddess says that the young consignor of the island is wife is the vampire, and is slowly killing her fabric mattress. The sick woman, who is a septic, becomes the victim of a premature burial, thinking she has died of her life. She awakes unharmed and manages to escape, but the experience has ruined her into a murderous fanatic. Before throwing herself into the sea, she kills several people, including the old woman, and the general. The goddess would finally blow, removing the threat of infection, and the survivors leave the island. The reporter and the Greek girl, of course, have fallen in love during the ordeal.

Although it has been heavily criticized and the script is weak (according to a rather banal series of events familiar to anyone who has seen any 1940's B horror films we still find "Isle Of The Dead" a worthy accomplishment, especially the constant effort producer Lewton had to contend with to achieve any artistic integrity in the material to environment of RKO. In "The Healy Of Terror" Joel E. Siegel points out that the original shooting script had very little to do with the film which finally appeared, and speculates that the studio may have allowed at the last minute or replacing the poetic Wray/Mischal screenplay with a more conventional "horror" plot. Although this is unfortunate, the final product is a film of some emotional impact and visual beauty.

Boris Karloff (who often credited Lewton with saving his acting career from the descending spiral of ostensible failures that engulfed his unfortunate star) The Lugosi, gives an outstanding performance as the general. The officer we learn best well-meaning scientist, who eventually is destroyed by increasing paranoia and ancient superstitions which overwhelm his good intentions. Catherine Eddy is ably restrained as the invalid whose mind is shattered by her burial alive, although her homicidal rump after escaping is rather unlikable. The photography and set design, as in the other Lewton film is especially impressive. The image of water dripping relentlessly upon the lid of the coffin we know to contain a living person is most unnerving, and the (love-raped) bathed sequences are extremely effective, especially considering the limited budget. We feel these still fail to do the film full justice, but they do convey some of the claustrophobia and melancholy of their source. In a future issue, we would like to present a major feature on the remarkable and often neglected films of Val Lewton, so we'd greatly appreciate reader comments on this quick look at "Isle Of The Dead".





by MALCOLM FURNASS

ONE

IT BEGAN raining quite suddenly. One moment people were going about their business in their usual apathetic spirits, and the next they were frantically rushing for shelter. Cakes and big "walk-around" stores became rather crowded, while those with shop-front awnings became the targets for hordes of suddenly interested window-shoppers.

Gordon found himself under a bus shelter, sandwiched between two middle-aged women talking about the weather and anything else that entered their heads. "It's as opposed to be July, too I don't know what the world's coming to." "Yes, that's just what my Jack said the other day 'Metel', he said — you do know my Jack, don't you? He's off work at the moment. Stepped on a rusty nail and the swelling — you should see it! Of course the doctor says it's not so serious, but what does he know? I mean, you never can tell, can you? Anyway, he says to me, 'Metel', he says." "I and a youngish executive-type smoking a four-stemmed pipe."

For fifteen minutes, Gordon stood there waiting for the rain to ease up a bit. Instead it grew steadily worse. It became one solid downpour, smaking the ground then bouncing up again, rendering it impossible to distinguish single drops of rain in the watery curtain. Soon the water began to flow along the street and splash around their feet under the shelter. The young man stood like a frozen statue spewing out billowing masses of evil smoke and the two women seemed not to notice

the rain as they were so engrossed in their conversation, which by now had ranged through such diverse subjects as the Common Market, Mrs Thring-down-the-road, the price of food and 'Crossroads', and was now ending back to Jack's foot!

Gordon felt cold and wet and started looking for somewhere better to shelter. Further down the street he noticed a museum, so he lifted his collar, took a deep breath and plunged into the rain.

By the time he reached the museum he was completely soaked and washed he had slumped back at the shelter. He scooped great the crowd who were standing on the steps and entered inside, the bright lights left the scene a strange feeling of unreality. The museum was lightened by the low buzzing of the crowd's echoing from the walls and the high ceiling. The atmosphere seemed close and heavy.

He stood around for a while near a radiator, watching the rain beat against the window panes from an ominously black sky, and feeling the warmth seep through his clothing to send wisps of steam into the air. When his clothes started to stick to his skin he moved away from the radiator and tried to look interested in the exhibits.

He had wandered around for a few minutes when he heard the museum guide droning on about some ruby. So having nothing better to do he emptied over to take a look.

It was the largest jewel he had ever seen, lying there in its glass case like a huge cut of blood, suitably staring back at him. He could sense a feeling of longing welting up in the pit of his

stomach. He must touch it — possess it. He tried to shake off this alien sensation, but to no avail, the ruby set glowing at him with hypnotic intensity, until he could feel it groping through his mind.

As if leaping from a distance he could only hear vague stretches of the guide's talk who Professor Cressington was, where and when he discovered the ruby, how it came to be an exhibit in the museum, and something about some strange scratches under the jewel's surface. His full attention was focused on the gem itself and everything else paled in comparison with it. It appeared gray before his eyes as he stared unblinkingly at it. Waves of energy radiated from it, sapping his will with a soothing rhythm.

Somewhere deep in his mind he knew he should read himself free from its power and with that little remaining portion of his self he tried to force his unresponsive body to look away from the parasitic stone. The ruby began to glow furiously — red, red, red — redder than the whites of a vampire's eyes. It almost threatened to explode as it waltzed his last vestige of consciousness.

The effort resulted in refusing to buckle under as spell made him perspire freely and some face-less bystander, looking at him curiously, asked if he was "feeling all right?" He brushed the fellow away with a grunt and forgot about him completely.

Gradually, the jewel gained dominance in the mental war. He felt his mind slipping away and away from himself until he could view his actions from afar. As if he still controlled its movements his body moved according to time looking at various pieces of obscure pottery and stuffed beds, before finally entering a vacant room and concealing itself in a narrow closet. And there it waited until long after everyone had left the building.

The hours passed slowly until the night swallowed the sun and released the moon as a silent gesture of sympathy. The rain had stopped dancing to its own frenzied rhythm on the streets, leaving in its wake a loud, brittle silence where any slight sound would reverberate through the concrete canyons, borne on the still night air. Inside the museum the stillness was broken by a door opening and a man stepping out to cross the floor with a cane-like tread.

As his body crossed the floor Gordon could feel himself merging with it to form a whole man again. Ur almost whole, he could now see through his eyes but still not control his actions. He was a powerless passenger in his own body as it approached the heavy jewel

The ruby began to glow with a crimson light, bathing itself in a rosy luminescence that made the surrounding darkness seem even darker. As he stood before the stone it started throbbing and pulsating like a living heart, reaching out to his soul and beckoning him to come closer.

He reached out his hand to caress the red globule and was not at all surprised to see a pass through the glass case without breaking it. The instant he touched the warm, glowing red, a loud burst into a million kaleidoscopic colors, all of them red. He plunged through a scarlet sea and was caught up in a whirling rainbow of light. He felt himself tumbling through an eternity of hellish flames.

Powerless to prevent his heading right, he became one with the whirlpool and continued spinning, spinning, spinning.

INTERLUDE

He found himself in a grassy meadow, lying on his back on the spongy grass which rolled away into the distance to merge with even more greenness and finally disappear over the horizon. Before he opened his eyes he could hear the chirping of birds in the sky, calling to one another as they flattered aimlessly to and fro. He could hear the gurgling of a tiny spring somewhere to his left. He could feel the warm glow of the sun permeating through his skin and the fresh tang of a pleasantly cool breeze on his hands and face.

Slowly, as if he could not believe his other senses, but dared not to shelter the sensation of tranquility they offered, he opened his eyes. Everything was as he imagined it. He felt as if he was transported back to the care-free days of his childhood, to play forever in an endless meadow far from the crowded city streets.

He sat up and smiled, not questioning the reality of it all — he could see, hear and feel, so it must be real — why question the obvious? For a few minutes he sat there watching a rabbit scamper here and there in constant indecision until it disappeared beyond a hill in the near distance.

Still smiling, he leaned back on his left elbow to face the whispering brook by his side, and arched his right arm over to dangle his hand in the glissing water. He felt a moment of gleeful abandon as the liquid sliced his hand off, and watched as it floated downstream, bobbing and bouncing in the current, until it vanished from his sight.

Still grinning foolishly, he stood blankly at the stump of his wrist where his hand had been. He watched as the

single droplet of blood coaxed from his arm and splashed into the water to create a tiny crimson cloud on the surface. He watched as the smear grew larger and denser then started to bubble and froth and spread over the entire surface.

The stream had become a raging torrent and was threatening to sweep forth onto the turf before he realized something was awry. Obviously he thought he should place as much distance between himself and the stream as possible. He rose to his feet and ran towards the horizon. When he ran a short distance he heard an ominous roaring behind him. He looked over his shoulder and saw a huge crimson tidal wave lowering high above him, splashing red against the

sky. As far as he could see to his left and right was an enormous red wall gelling on him like some relentless juggernaut.

He focused himself on at even greater speed, but found that he could only run in slow motion. His heart was thumping in his breast, his headless arm hanging limply by his side, his temples pounding, pounding, pounding, while he leaped glacially dragged slowly through an invisible quagmire.

His mind was rushing feverishly, creating strangely coloured flashes of thought then rejecting them, maddeningly, but not exactly operating on a conscious level. He was trying to make some sense of it all.

Then the redness was upon him, sweetening his away.



DECKER 7/5/68



from the screeching figure. Obvious to the deep shadows in his legs and feet, caused by the jagged angles on the glass boulders, he ran on and on. If only he could find somewhere to hide. Somewhere—anywhere.

He rounded a sharp corner and there, before him, was a horde of the red-clad warriors, guarding a hideous statue, carved from the strange glass-like rock. It was a squat figure, almost cubic, with grotesquely exaggerated human features and perrilled arms crooking its lips, from which twin fangs protruded. He stopped dead in his tracks. It was a trap—the other warriors had wanted to chase him around here to his doom.

He heard a growl of triumph behind him—a second soldier had caught up to him. He span around to face the barbarian, just managing to dodge the heavy broadsword aimed at his head. It clove through the air and smashed against the valley wall, sending glistening shards of the glassy substance in all directions. As the warrior's sword arced towards him a second time Gordon threw his swordsmen into its path. The two clashed with enough impact to create sparks, then the warrior's sword shattered into tiny fragments. As the unarmed soldier began to lunge towards him, Gordon plunged his swordsmen through his stomach, and a fountain of blood gushed over him. His enemy collapsed over and fell to the ground, coughing redly and clutching at where his stomach had been. Then he disintegrated and his blood was unretrievable on the red valley floor.

This time when Gordon turned to face the statue and its guards he was a different man. Fear had almost left him and a new emotion filled his breast: one he had never experienced before—the scorching flames of power. They fed off his soul and looked harshly against his mind, transforming him into a savage barbarian like his far-distant ancestors, lost in the mists of time. He had taken the lives of two men and was anxious to put his new-found skill against others—sword against sword, sinew against sinew, strength against strength, courage against courage. Gone were the tinsy trappings of civilization—he was intoxicated with a sadistic blood-lust and a burning desire to kill.

One of the guards stepped forward to meet him, but Gordon dealt with him in a similar manner. His swordsmen shattered the warrior's sword, then sliced through his neck so that his head fell one way and his body the other before they vanished.

Another guard stepped forward. Then another. They were both dazed

TWO

spinning through the crimson sea. He had no way of knowing how long he tumbled through the scarlet ether, but after a time the whirling stopped as suddenly as it started, leaving him standing upright on solid ground. He looked around himself. There was not a trace of the swirling mists through which he had passed—it was as if he had simply appeared out of nowhere. He was standing in a deep V-shaped valley, cut like some monstrous gash out of what looked like sandstone, but felt more like marble or glass. Rubble was strewn across the valley floor in a haphazard array of sharp points and jagged edges. The sky above was a sheet of solid red, staring breathlessly down at him.

He was still staring at the alien environment when a savage warrior adorned with red harness, boots, gauntlets and helmet came rushing around the bend ahead of him, sword in hand, screaming a blood-curdling battle cry.

The warrior was upon him in a flash, sword upraised ready to slash down at the bewildered newcomer. Laying out a powerful cry instinctively raised both arms to protect his face from the expected onslaught. That was when he noticed his right hand was still missing. In its place was a shimmering sword that glistened redly in the light. He could not tell where his arm ended and the sword began, if indeed there was such a point—they both blended with one another perfectly. It was simply another limb of his body, as if he had been born with it. He closed his eyes tightly as the

warrior's sword swung down. There was a bone-jarring impact on his right arm as the sword struck it, but he felt no pain or wound. Amazed that he still lived, he opened his eyes and saw his enemy staring, open-mouthed, at the hilt of his sword which he gripped in his hand, and the shattered remains of his blade lying on the ground.

The warrior threw away his sword, hit and lifted his eyes towards the stranger. With a growl of rage he leaped upon him, eyes ablaze with anger and fury. In blind panic Gordon raised and outstretched his swordarm and the warrior, unable to check his speed, ran onto it, skewering himself through the neck. He gave a final convulsive shudder and was still.

Awestruck, Gordon stared at the warrior's face, sitting on his arm where his elbow should have been, his sword-like forearm protruding behind the helmeted head. He could see the dead eyes staring sightlessly at him, still filled with hatred, and the mouth hanging uselessly open, wet, resting on his arms.

Fighting back the waves of nausea which threatened to overpower him, he clenched his teeth and closed his eyes so tight that he could see stars flashing on his eyelids. When he opened them again the warrior was gone. It would have all seemed like a dream but for the still warm splashes of blood dripping from his arm.

He heard another barbaric yell and, looking up, saw another warrior, identical to the first, rushing towards him. He could not face another ordeal like that again so he turned around and began running as fast as he could away

with the same way. Now fear had left him completely and he was grinning broadly as he tracked and slew each warrior in turn, enjoying every minute of it. The statue must be of some considerable value, he thought, if so many were willing to die for it. He stole a glance towards the carving. Was it larger than which he had first seen of No—impossible!

The guards continued to attack him one by one, faster and faster, the quicker he disposed of their fellows. The scene was one of wreckage and carnage, blood-letting and fury, screams and gore. He was standing in the middle of it all, slaying and weaving, no longer grinning but laughing uproariously.

Eventually there was only one warrior left for him to battle and he waited to snare it for as long as possible. He did not shatter the other's sword at first, but played with him for a while, slicing off an ear, boring a hole through an arm or leg, causing a bloody gash across his chest, piercing one of his eyes. But he knew he would soon have to kill his foe, so after he had prolonged the battle for a long time he struck the other's sword, smashing it into tiny fragments. Then the warrior stumbled over a rock and fell onto his back, and Gordon was upon him, his swordsmen poised above the soldier's head.

A warm glow of satisfaction filled him, causing through his veins like liquid fire. He had never felt so happy in his life. He had pitted his strength and skill against impossible odds and now stood triumphant. This was his moment of glory. He was the mightiest being in the universe. He was the King of Kings and more powerful than the Gods. He looked around the valley until his eyes came to rest on the statue. The smile dropped from his lips and a look of shock registered on his face. The structure had grown tremendously—it was now as large as a mountain, towering high above his head.

He felt the warrior at his feet start scurrying in an attempt to escape. Without thinking, he placed his weight on his swordsmen, plunging it through the soldier's heart. A stream of blood spouted from where the swordsmen pierced and with a horrible gurgling he died, then vanished to join his comrades as some nameless limbo.

The statue could now be seen to grow visibly—it almost doubled in height. Of course! The warriors were mere illusions, created for him to destroy, and as the moment of each 'kill' the powerful emotions, suppressed by generators of civilization, were released. The enormous energy resulting from those emotions was siphoned off to feed the colossal force

him. But now what? His appetite was satisfied and it needed him no longer. He began to move and its shadow covered him as it bent towards him, as twin fangs glistered in the light. And his blood ran red in the valley of red in the heart of the crimson jewel.

EPilogue

The guide's voice echoed from the cavernous museum walls as he led a flock of visitors around the statue. He knew the entire spell off by heart, having repeated it for many years, and could now say it without even thinking.

When he reached the Creation Ruby he noticed a man at the rear of the crowd looking rather strange. His eyes were vacant and staring and he was

swearing profusely. Looks a little like that other fellow did yesterday—must be some big going around, he thought as his mouth continued speaking.

—detected it to the museum after the mysterious death of Professor Creasington. Another odd thing about this jewel is a series of minute scratches under its surface—inside the ruby itself. No-one has yet been able to explain what caused these marks.

The visitors craned their necks to see the tiny scratches. They were barely visible to the naked eye. After a minute or so they moved on to the next exhibit, the scratches almost forgotten. But of course they could not know that the ruby had added another notch during the night.

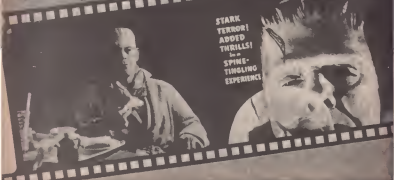




Francis Ford Coppola prepares Lon Chaney and Bela Lugosi (the monster) for the special court-martain which hold the secret of life and death in "Frankenstein Meets the Wolf Man".

Let's see... Most horror-fantasy fans can name at least a dozen actors who have portrayed Frankenstein's awful creation. There was Charles Ogle, in Edison's 1910 silent version, Karloff, Chaney, Jr., Lugosi, Glenn Strange, Lee, David Prowse, Freddy Jones, Noel Kingston, Michael Serazin, and more recently, Bo Svenson. (The latter version, incidentally, definitely deserves a U.K. award of the original award.) In our never-ending crusade to bring you the best in visual horror, we present a gallery of "Frankenstein" character studies from the chilling to the comical.

Karloff taking his tea-break off set from the film "Bride of Frankenstein".



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ADDED
THRILLS!
in a
SPINE-
TINGLING
EXPERIENCE



Boris Karloff after having killed the little girl in "Frankenstein".

Must Be Destroyed



Christopher Lee is the monster in "The Curse of Frankenstein".

On the right hand side of horror film man Munster (Fred Gwynne, left) and Grandpa (Al Lewis) accidentally discover a million dollar counter-fairing operation carried out by their European relatives in the film "Munster Go Home".



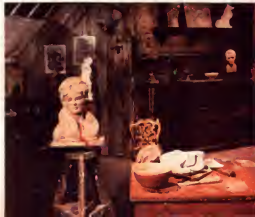
HOW MANY FRANKENSTEINS?



1962 Admiral Pictures (UA) Produced by Robert E. Kerr, Directed by Rogstad Le Borg, Art Director, Daniel Harar, Special Effects, Norman Braselova, Scenicler, Robert E. Kerr, Cast: Vincent Price, Nancy Kovack, Ian Wolfe, Cheve Chase, Stephen Roberts, Elaine Devry, Lorna Meris.

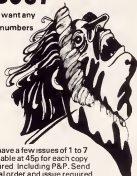


This unusual low-budget film, while rather slow-moving, has some fine moments of psychological horror, as a prominent citizen (Vincent Price) is possessed by the murderous creature which previously motivated the crimes of an executed murderer. The plot is drawn from several Guy de Maupassant tales, particularly "The Horla." The Price character is a talented amateur sculptor, and one short sequence in which the disfigured features of a bust of his lady friend are hideously distorted by the unseen Horla is quite interesting. *Diary Of A Madman* is a minor thriller worth a look next time it appears on TV or the late-night cinema programmes. Director Le Borg presided over *The Mummy's Ghost* (1944) which many consider the best of that rather tame series, *Call of the Dead* (1943) and the grotesque *The Black Sleep* (1958) in addition to many other films of varied quality.



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On No. 1... don't get me all the "what-ifs" "how-ifs" and "if-then-ifs" etc. etc. please! There's a right and wrong answer!

A — KARLOFF IN "THE GHUL."
 B — IRVING PICHEL IN "DRACULA'S DAUGHTER."
 C — "THE MAN WHO TURNED TO STONE."
 D — "PLAN NINE FROM OUTER SPACE."
 E — "THE MAD GHUL."

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